

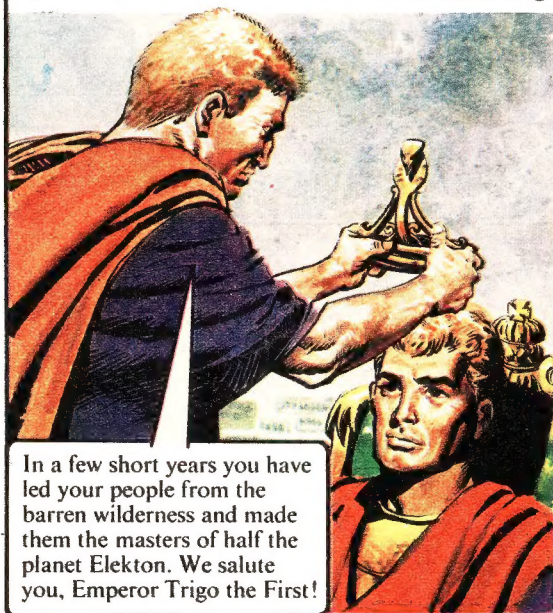
# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

Countless millions of miles from Earth is the galaxy of Yarna, and in that galaxy is the planet Elekton. On this planet—in the desolate land of Vorg—one man, *Trigo*, has led his people to greatness and founded the Trigan Empire.



On the 700th day of the year of Yuss, Trigo and his wife Ursa were led to the great open square of the city . . . and there Trigo was crowned the first Emperor of Trigan.

The diadem of emperor was placed on Trigo's brow by his own brother and staunch comrade-in-arms, Brag.



In a few short years you have led your people from the barren wilderness and made them the masters of half the planet Elekton. We salute you, Emperor Trigo the First!

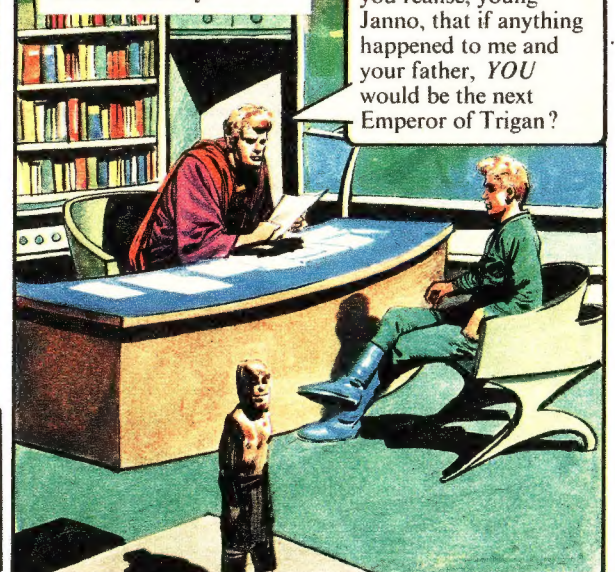
It was a few days after this that Trigo's nephew, Janno, received a summons to visit the new emperor.



You graciously ordered me to call, Imperial Majesty . . .

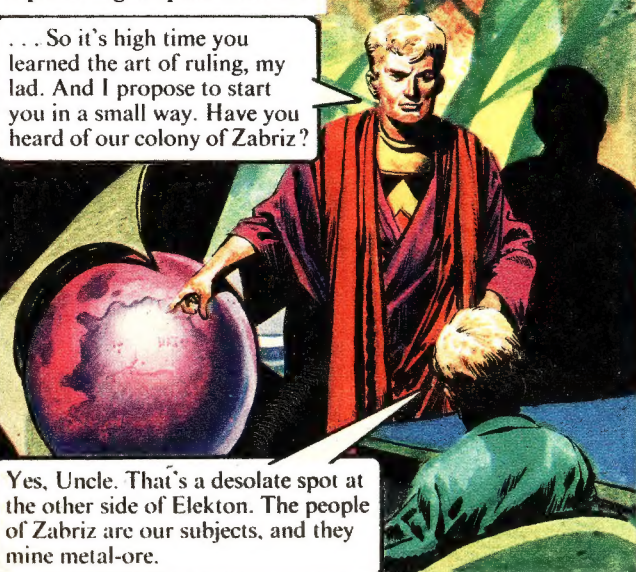
By all the stars, Janno . . . Let's have none of this Imperial Majesty business! I'm your Uncle Trigo, remember? Find a seat and sit down . . .

Trigo indicated the pile of papers on his desk and frowned ruefully.



Paper work! . . . more trouble to me than fighting the Lokans. Do you realise, young Janno, that if anything happened to me and your father, *YOU* would be the next Emperor of Trigan?

Trigo crossed over to a globe representing the planet Elekton.



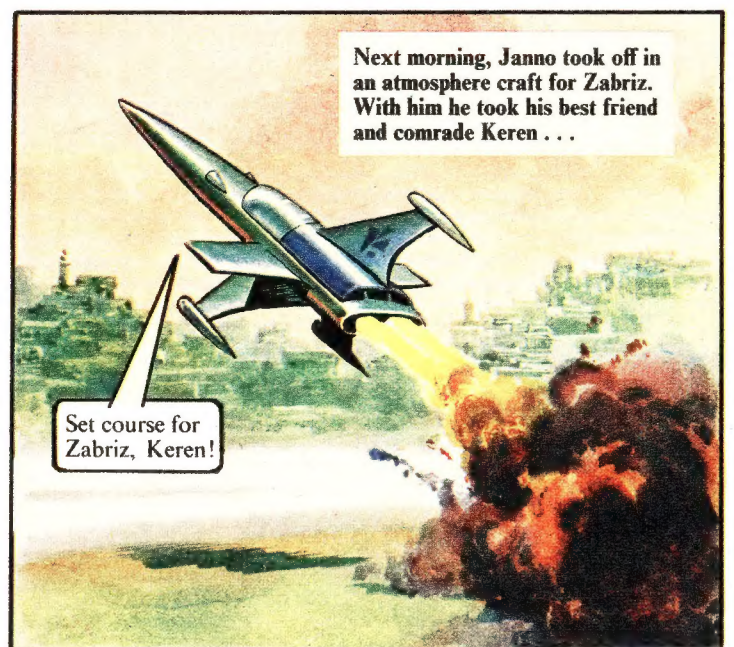
. . . So it's high time you learned the art of ruling, my lad. And I propose to start you in a small way. Have you heard of our colony of Zabriz?

Yes, Uncle. That's a desolate spot at the other side of Elekton. The people of Zabriz are our subjects, and they mine metal-ore.



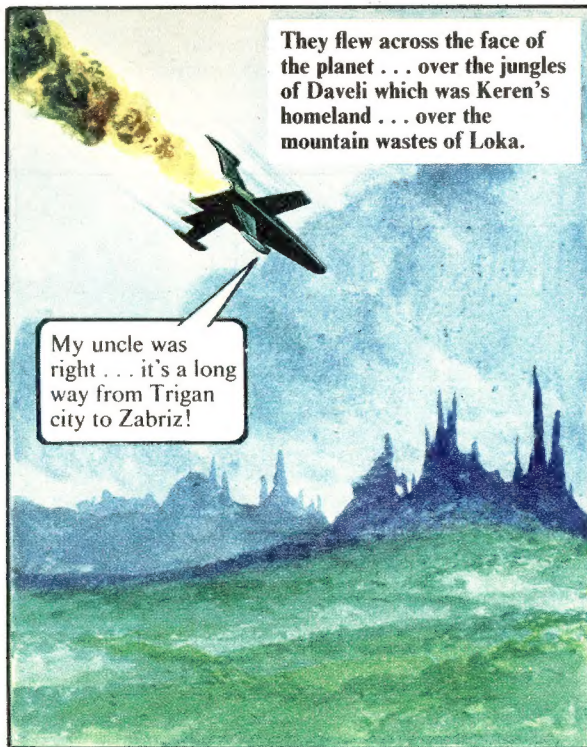
Zabriz is a long way from Trigan, and things are going badly there. The man in charge is a Trigan officer named Akkan. You will go to Zabriz, armed with full authority from me to put the colony in order . . . if necessary you will dismiss Akkan! *Understood?*

Next morning, Janno took off in an atmosphere craft for Zabriz. With him he took his best friend and comrade Keren . . .



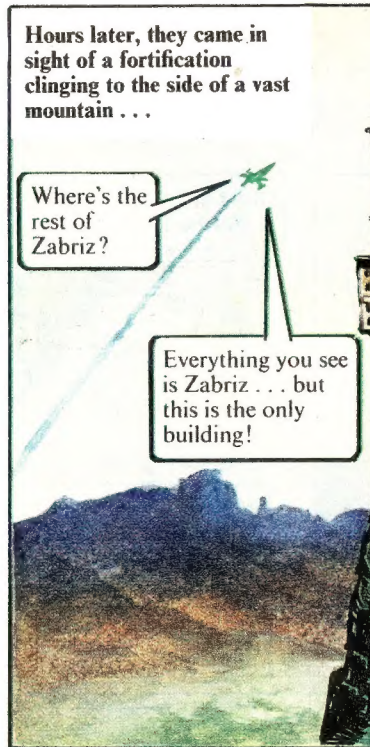
Set course for Zabriz, Keren!





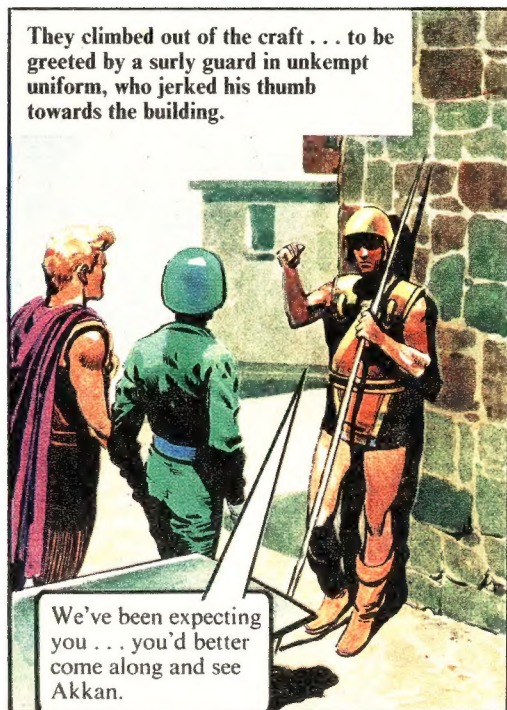
They flew across the face of the planet . . . over the jungles of Daveli which was Keren's homeland . . . over the mountain wastes of Loka.

My uncle was right . . . it's a long way from Trigan city to Zabriz!



Where's the rest of Zabriz?

Everything you see is Zabriz . . . but this is the only building!



They climbed out of the craft . . . to be greeted by a surly guard in unkempt uniform, who jerked his thumb towards the building.

We've been expecting you . . . you'd better come along and see Akkan.



They followed their guide into a massive, gloomy hall, where a bearded oaf lolled in a vast chair. He appeared to be holding a court of justice.

Guard—Why bring a petty food stealer before me? Throw him from the cliff top.



And then . . . Janno's clear young voice rang out!

You will do no such thing! . . .

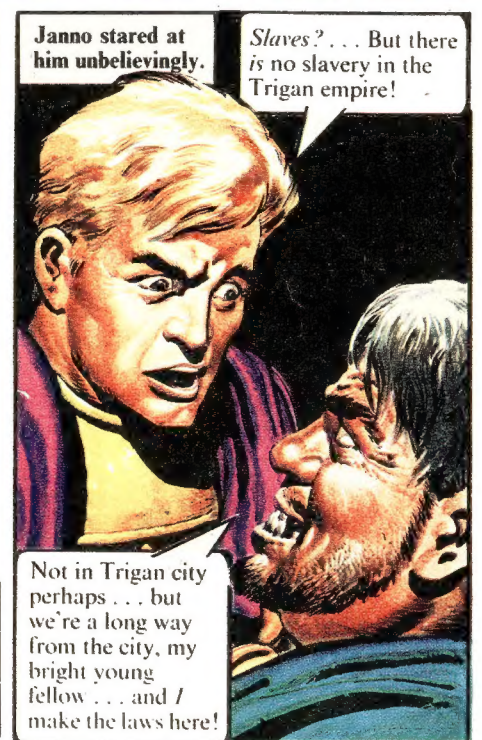
What's this? . . .



A sneer spread over Akkan's unsavoury face.

Is this how you administer Trigan justice in Zabriz?

Well . . . you must be the bright young sprig they've sent from Trigan city to teach me my job of how to handle the Zabriz slaves!



Janno stared at him unbelievably.

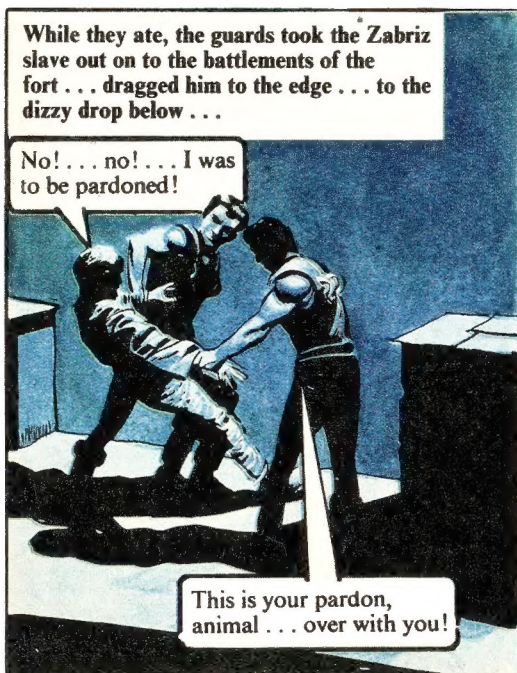
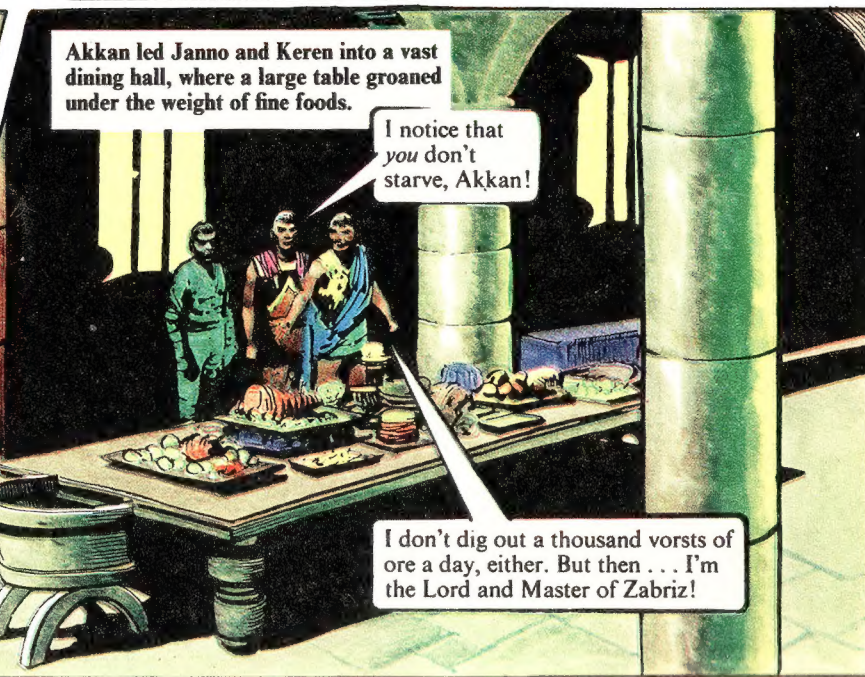
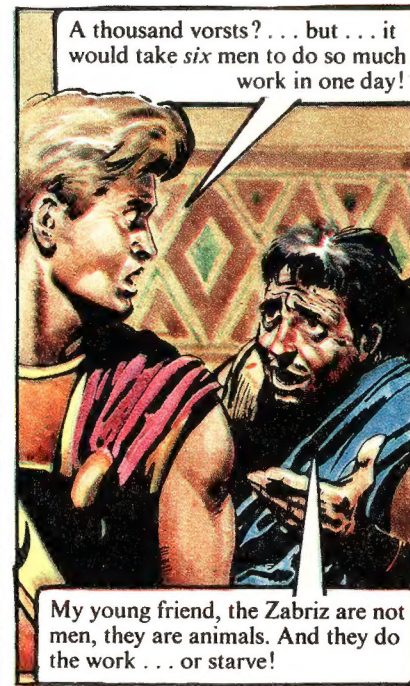
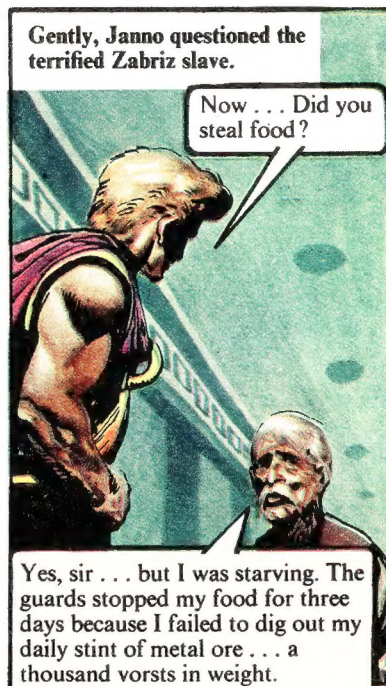
Slaves? . . . But there is no slavery in the Trigan empire!

Not in Trigan city perhaps . . . but we're a long way from the city, my bright young fellow . . . and I make the laws here!



# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

Young Janno has been sent by his uncle, the Emperor Trigo, to investigate a remote corner of the Trigan Empire called Zabriz, where the Trigan officer in charge, Akkan, is doing pretty much as he pleases . . .



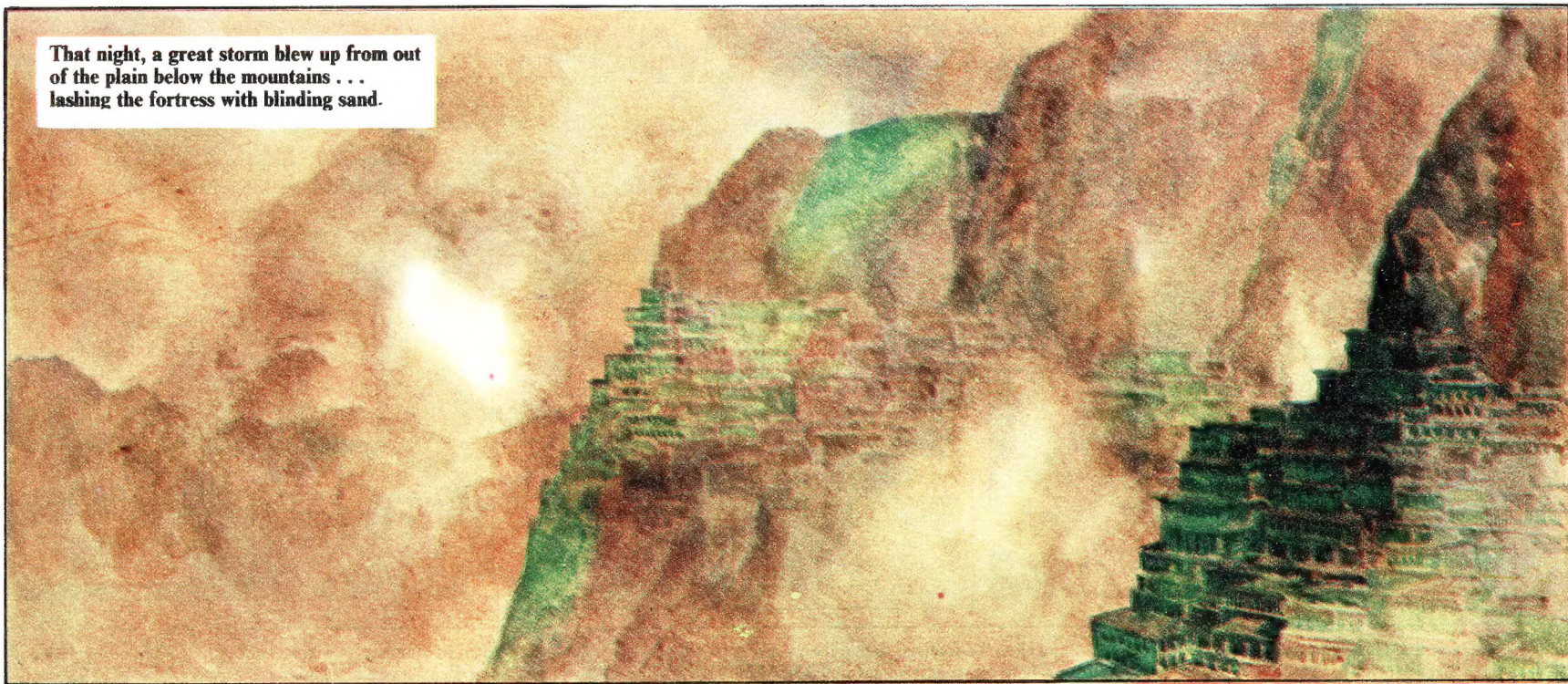
The doors closed on Janno and Keren . . . and Akkan's unsavoury face twisted in a scowl of hatred.

You won't be alive to say anything to me in the morning, my fine young sprig . . . or your comrade either!

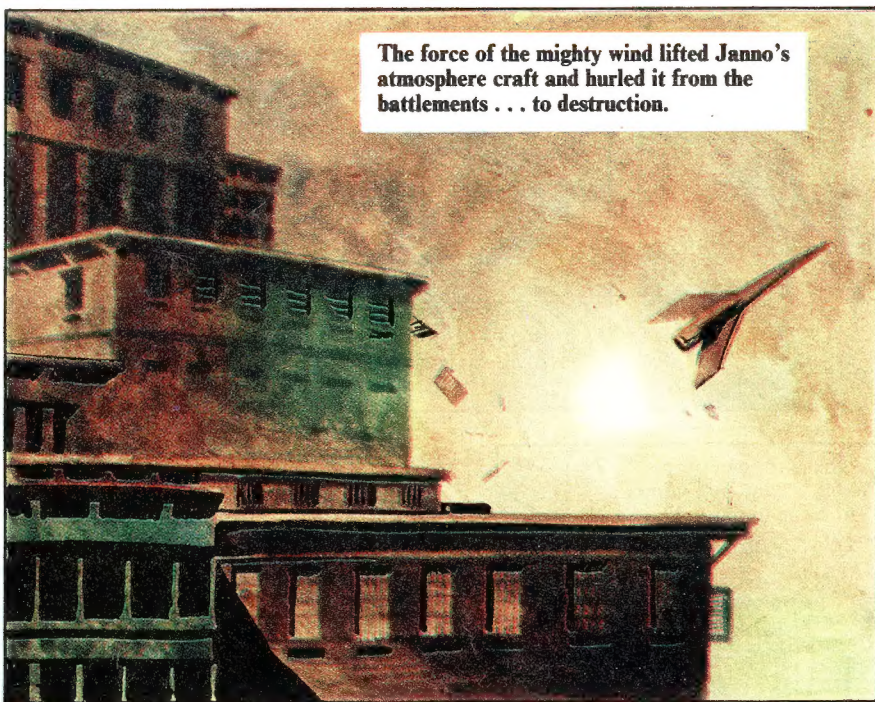




That night, a great storm blew up from out of the plain below the mountains . . . lashing the fortress with blinding sand.



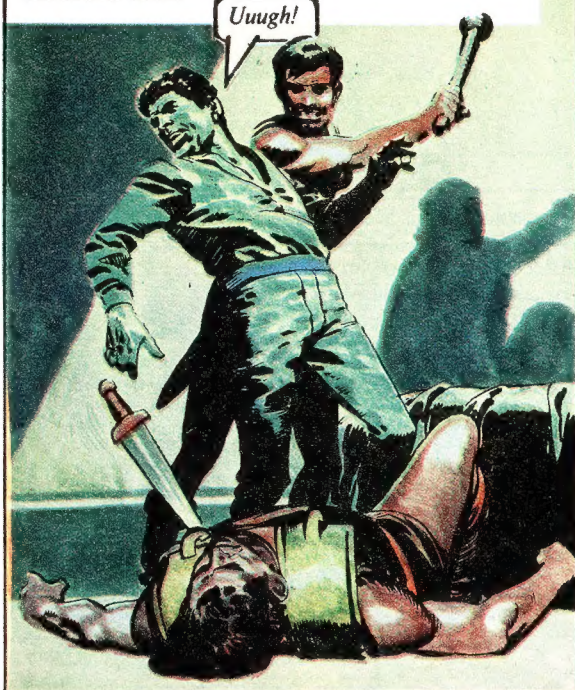
The force of the mighty wind lifted Janno's atmosphere craft and hurled it from the battlements . . . to destruction.



The howl of the storm woke Keren . . . in time to see the dark figures creeping into his chamber.



Keren was able to fell one of his assailants, before he was struck down.



They carried his unconscious form out of the chamber.



Moments later, Janno's door slid quietly open . . .



Next Week: Janno may sleep like a babe, but he fights like a man!



# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

Young Janno has been sent by his uncle, the Emperor Trigo, to investigate a remote corner of the Trigan Empire called Zabriz, where the Trigan officer in charge, Akkan, is ruling as a tyrant. At night, Akkan's guards come to destroy Janno . . .



The second guard showed no fight . . . he backed against the wall in terror, with the point of Janno's sword scratching his throat.



Angrily ordering the man to make himself scarce with his unconscious comrade, Janno went out into the corridor . . . where he found his friend Keren.



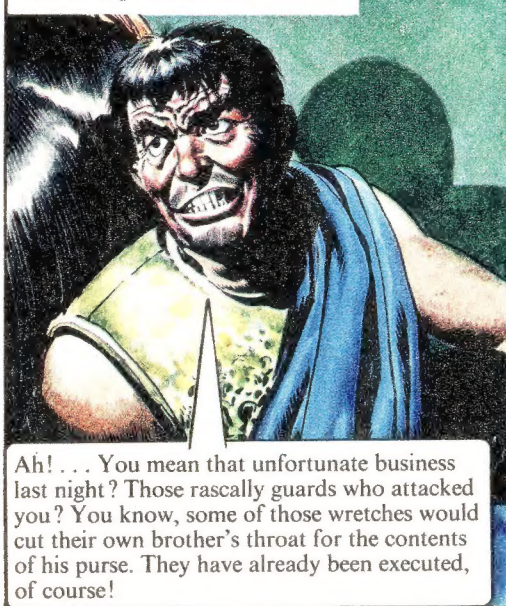
The two friends went back into Janno's room and barricaded the door.



When the twin suns of the planet Elekton rose next morning, Janno and Keren strode down into the Great Hall, where Akkan was gorging himself. He greeted them with a broad, mocking grin.



Akkan twisted his unsavoury face into an expression of innocence.



Lies, all lies! . . . Those men were obeying your orders! . . . You're under arrest, Akkan . . . and I'm sending a radio message to Trigan city for a force to come and take over here!





The rascally Akkan soon recovered from the shock . . . he smiled craftily.

There is no radio, I'm afraid . . . it's the sand-storms of Zabriz, you see? The sand gets into every piece of mechanical equipment and ruins it!

I have a radio in my atmosphere craft . . . we'll see if the sand has ruined *that*!

Then Akkan delivered his master stroke!

Oh, dear! . . . Did nobody tell you? . . . Your atmosphere craft was driven over the battlements by last night's storm . . . You are both stranded here, I'm afraid!

Knowing that they were now both cut off from the Trigan city, and in instant peril of their lives, Janno was still determined to do his duty.

Very well, you will consider yourself under open arrest . . . and you will show me the metal ore mines being worked!

As you order . . . Sir!

Akkan lead them down a staircase cut in the cliff face and showed them a horde of wretched people of Zabriz toiling at the metal ore.

There you see them . . . the hard-working animals of Zabriz!

Tell them to stop work at once . . . I wish to speak to them!

At a harsh order from Akkan, the workers stopped . . . and gazed up at the young man above them.

People of Zabriz . . . I come from your Emperor to tell you that you are no longer slaves, but free men of the Trigan Empire!

Akkan smiled grimly to himself . . .

So that's your game, is it, my fine young sprig? . . . Well, I don't have to destroy you now . . . you have just destroyed yourself!



# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

Young Janno has been sent by his uncle, the Emperor Trigo, to investigate a remote corner of the Trigan Empire called Zabriz, where the Trigan officer in charge, Akkan, is ruling as a tyrant. Janno frees the people of Zabriz, whom Akkan is treating as slaves . . .

At first, the people of Zabriz stared up, dumbfounded, towards the young man from Trigan who had released them from their misery . . . and then they burst into loud cries of joy.

Free! . . . We're free!  
Long live the Emperor Trigo!  
Long live the Trigan Empire!



Flushed with success, Janno turned to the rascally Akkan.

And *that* is how to rule the subjects of the Empire!

How glad I am—*Sir*—that you came here to show me how to do my job!



But later, Akkan sent for one of the Zabriz men . . .

Don't look so fearful, my friend . . . I have a small present for you . . .



He tossed a purse carelessly across the table . . .

Money! . . . More money than I have ever seen! . . . But . . . for me?



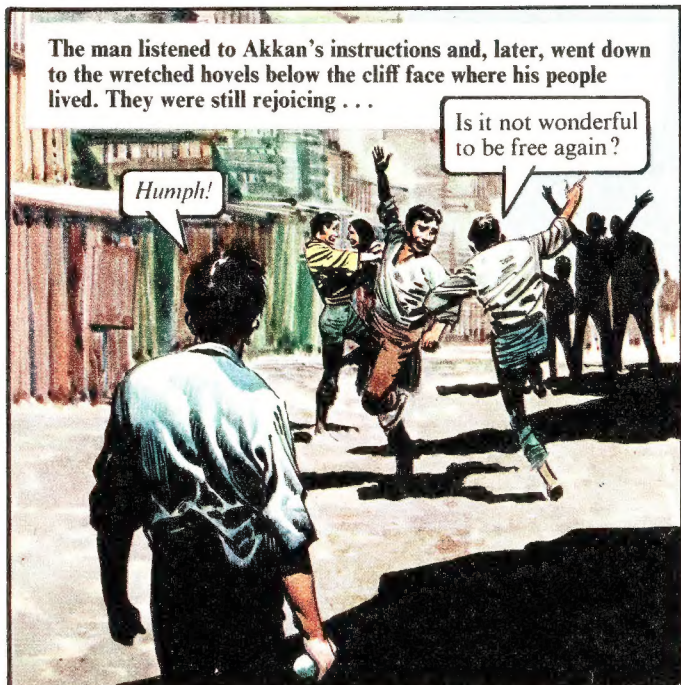
All yours, my friend. Pick it up . . . and now . . . there is something I want you to do in return . . .



The man listened to Akkan's instructions and, later, went down to the wretched hovels below the cliff face where his people lived. They were still rejoicing . . .

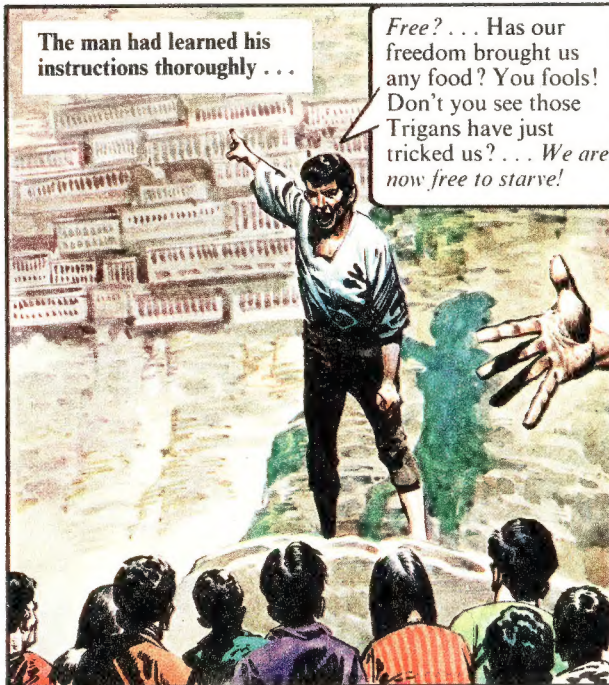
Humph!

Is it not wonderful to be free again?



The man had learned his instructions thoroughly . . .

Free? . . . Has our freedom brought us any food? You fools! Don't you see those Trigans have just tricked us? . . . We are now free to starve!



A growl of angry agreement greeted his words.

Let us attack the Citadel where those Trigans live like kings! . . . Smash it to pieces! . . . Take everything!





Their joy turned to rage, the hungry people swarmed up the steps to the Citadel, brushing aside the guards who tried to bar their way.

Death to the Trigans!

Then began an orgy of looting and destruction as they set fire to everything in sight and laid their hands on all the food they could find.

Down with the Trigan Empire! Destroy all!

Janno and Keren rushed out on to a balcony and saw the smoke rising to the sky . . .

What . . . what has happened?

Their freedom has gone to their heads, my clever young friend! . . . And it's all your fault!

Though Akkan had told Janno that all the radios had been put out of action, he had one for his own use. Some time later, he sent a message to Trigan City . . .

This is Akkan, commander of Zabriz . . . thanks to the criminal folly of Janno, the people of Zabriz are in revolt . . .

The news was brought to Trigo while he was out hunting wild zargot on the Plain of Vorg.

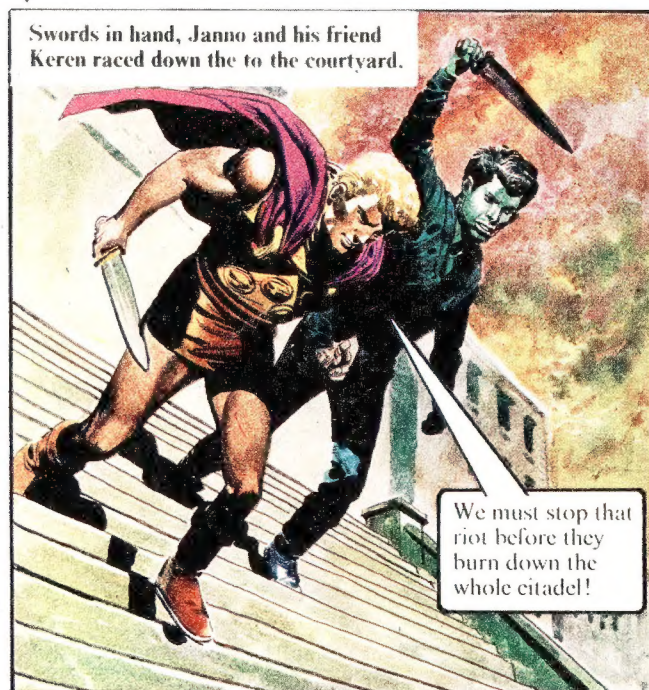
The Emperor's face darkened with fury when he read Akkan's message.

Send a message back to Akkan . . . tell him that he has my complete confidence. Tell him to restore order by any means he sees fit . . . and to put my stupid young nephew under arrest!



# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

Janno has been sent by his uncle, the Emperor Trigo, to investigate a remote corner of the Trigan Empire called Zabriz, where the Trigan officer in charge, Akkan, is ruling as a tyrant. But Akkan turns the tables on Janno by causing the people to revolt, blaming it on Janno . . .



Rough hands were laid on the two boys, and they were dragged off.



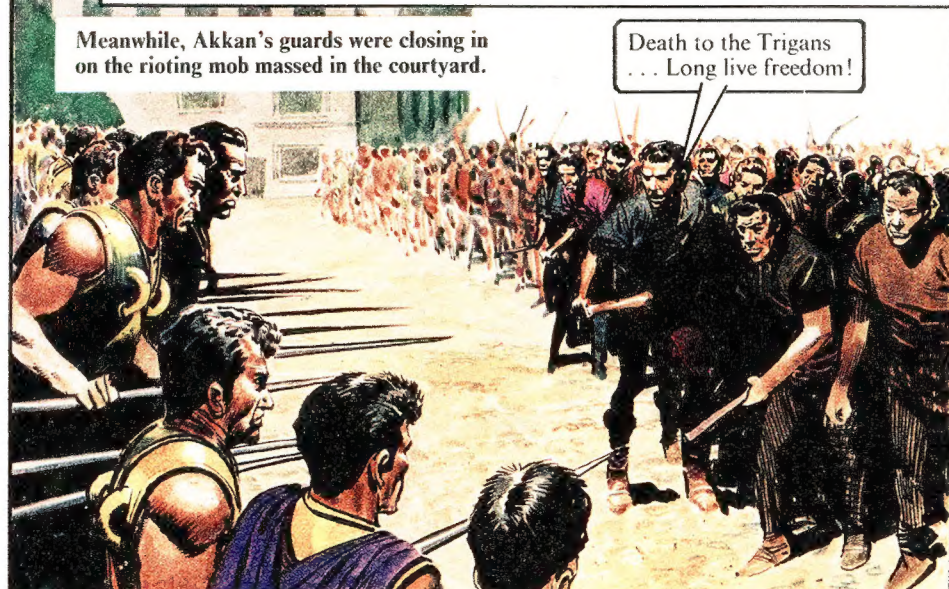
Their "luxurious" quarters were a water-filled cell deep in the heart of the mountain beneath the citadel.



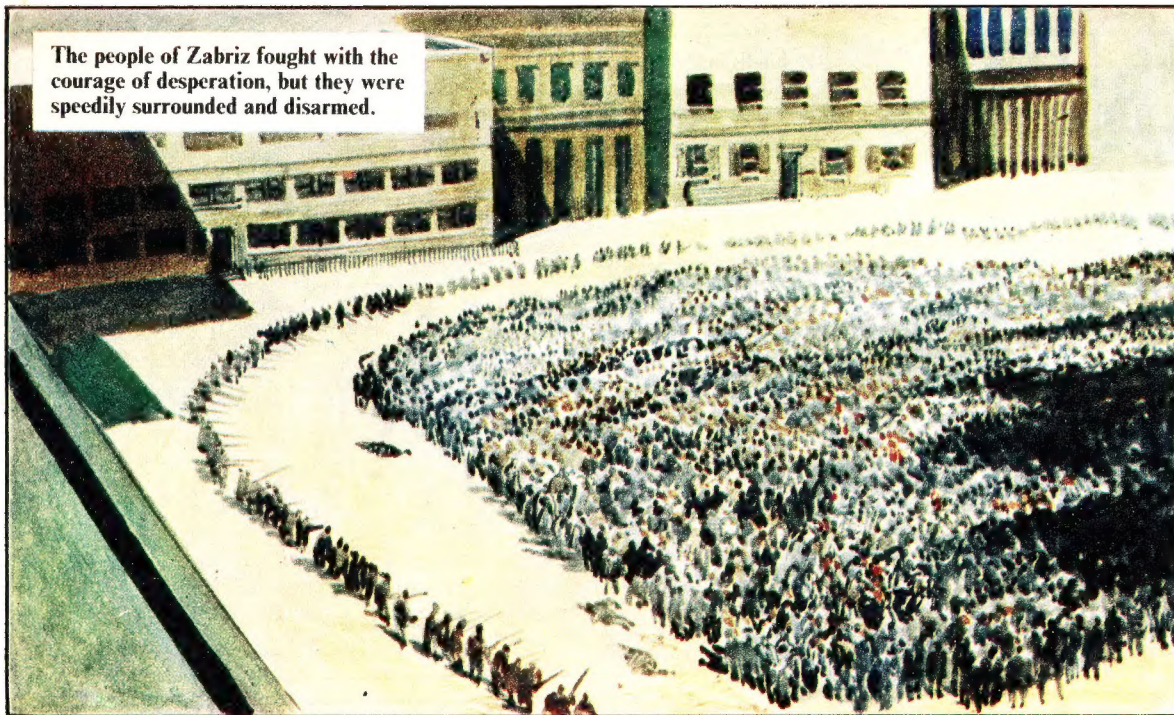
The two were left alone with their bitter thoughts.



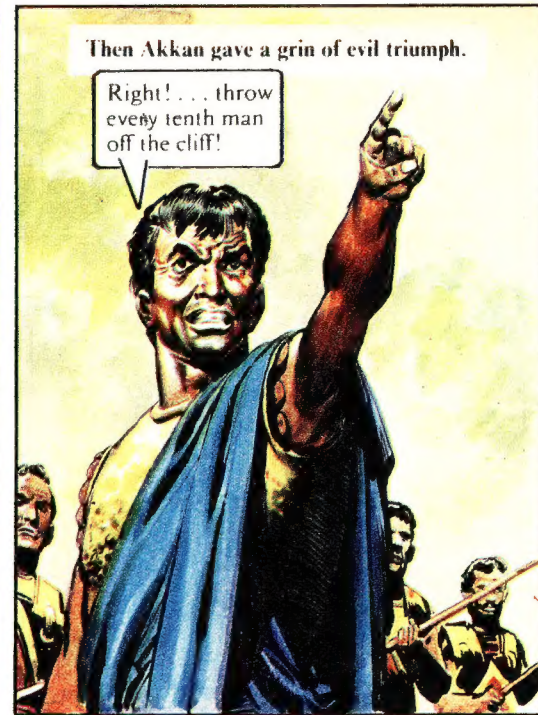
Meanwhile, Akkan's guards were closing in on the rioting mob massed in the courtyard.





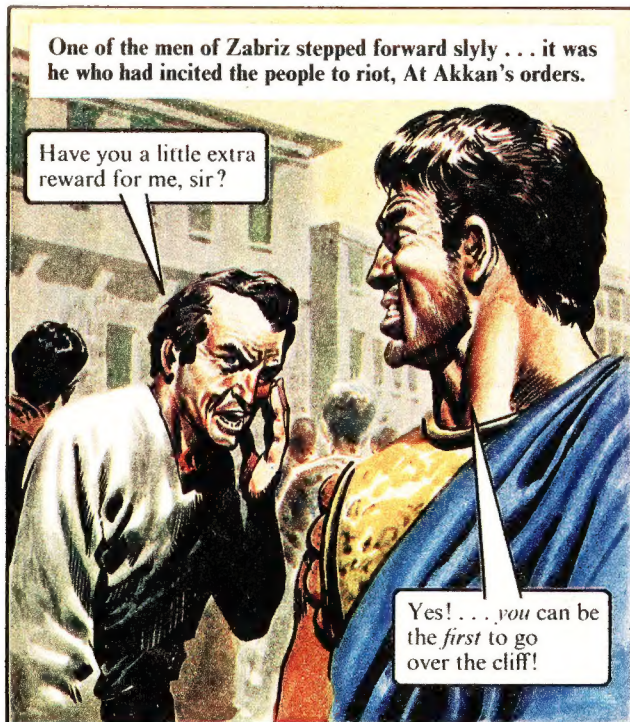


The people of Zabriz fought with the courage of desperation, but they were speedily surrounded and disarmed.



Then Akkan gave a grin of evil triumph.

Right! . . . throw every tenth man off the cliff!



One of the men of Zabriz stepped forward slyly . . . it was he who had incited the people to riot, At Akkan's orders.

Have you a little extra reward for me, sir?

Yes! . . . you can be the first to go over the cliff!

Akkan had good cause for triumph.

Now life in Zabriz can get back to normal!



Meanwhile, back in Trigan City, the Emperor Trigo was finding it difficult to forget his young nephew.

You are not eating, Imperial Majesty.

By all the stars, will you stop calling me "Imperial Majesty". Peric old friend? No . . . I am much concerned about Janno and what might be happening in Zabriz. In fact I have decided to go there and see for myself.



The people of Zabriz will be greatly honoured to receive a visit from their Emperor.

No doubt . . . but it is not as Emperor that I shall visit them!

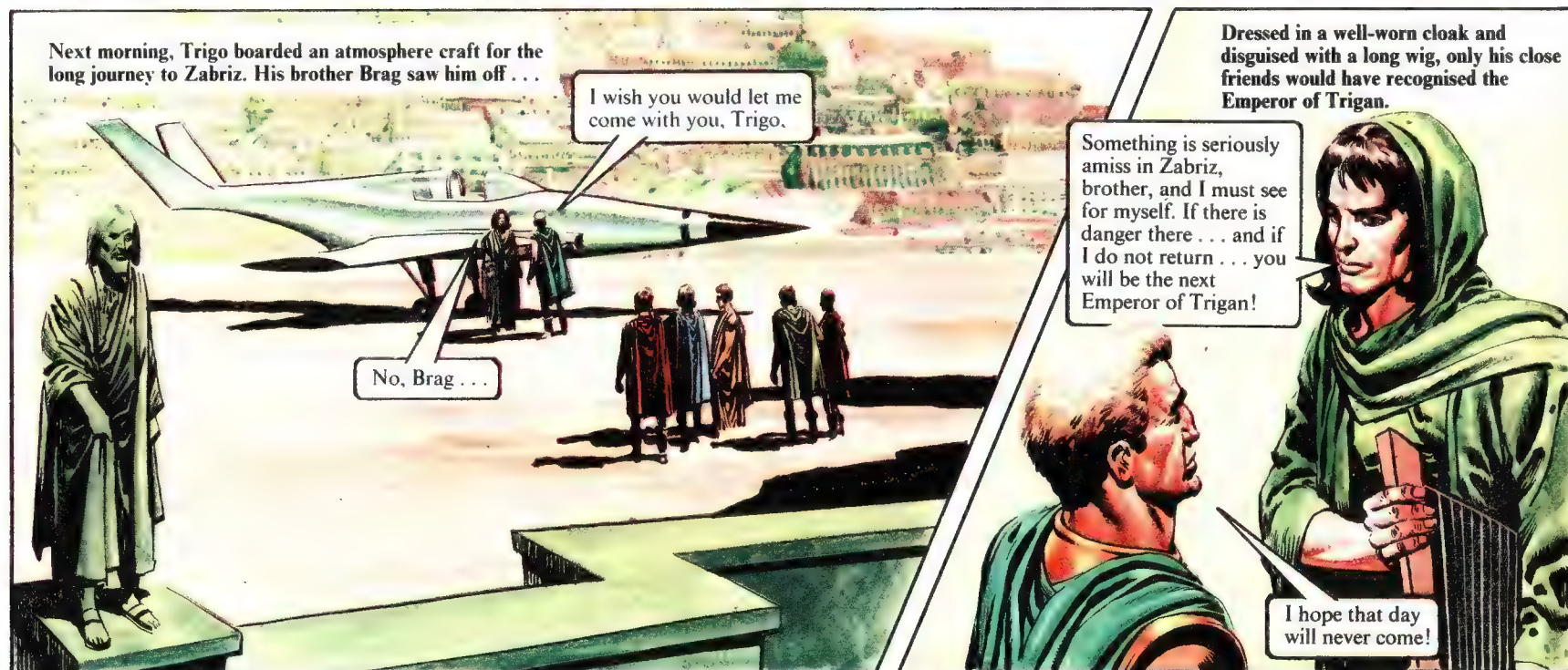


I think I will go as a poor travelling musician! . . . such a man might learn things that would be hidden from the Emperor Trigo!

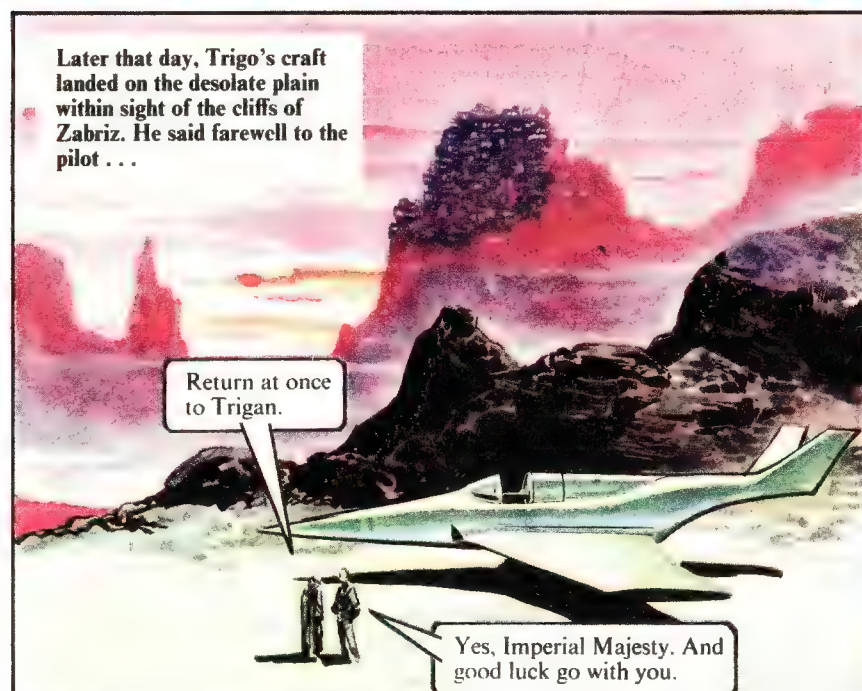
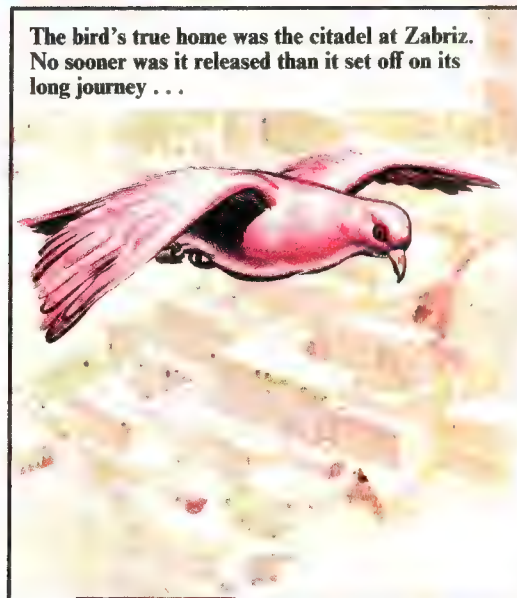


# The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

Zabriz—a remote corner of the Trigan Empire—is ruled by a rascally Trigan officer named Akkan. Akkan is a tyrant, and has imprisoned the nephew of the Emperor Trigo. Trigo himself decides to visit Zabriz in disguise and see for himself what is going on...



A short while after, the officer was slipping a scribbled note into a message container attached to the leg of a tame wedon bird.





Akkan was hugely pleased with himself that evening, and was feasting with his brutish officers when Trigo was ushered into the hall.

A strolling musician, Akkan  
He wants to entertain you

Aaaah! . . . We are short of  
entertainment in Zabriz.

The scoundrelly Akkan had only seen his Emperor from a distance and he did not recognise the man in the cloak.

What can you  
play, fellow?

Anything, sir . . . perhaps you  
would like to hear some of  
the old Vorg hunting songs,  
to remind you of home.

Trigo was a skilful musician, and he soon had Akkan and his  
brutes singing the old familiar songs with sentimental tears  
streaming down their leathery cheeks.

We have hunted the Zargot,  
And now we return home . .

The brutes all  
laughed and . . .

Akkan was delighted.

Well done, musician. You  
are a fellow after my own  
heart. Take this cup of wine  
and be seated. You shall  
sup this night with me!

The feast dragged on till the early hours. Towards  
dawn, gorged with rich food and wine, Akkan began  
to boast . . .

I am the Lord of Life and Death  
over Zabriz, but that is not the end  
of it . . . Next year we shall march  
on Trigan City and overthrow Trigo  
himself . . . then I shall be Emperor!

Indeed, my lord!

If that brute knew that the  
Emperor Trigo was seated at his  
table now, it would be the end of  
Trigo!

Meanwhile, some distance from Zabriz,  
the wedon bird carrying the fateful  
message had paused in its flight to feed  
on some succulent berries . . .

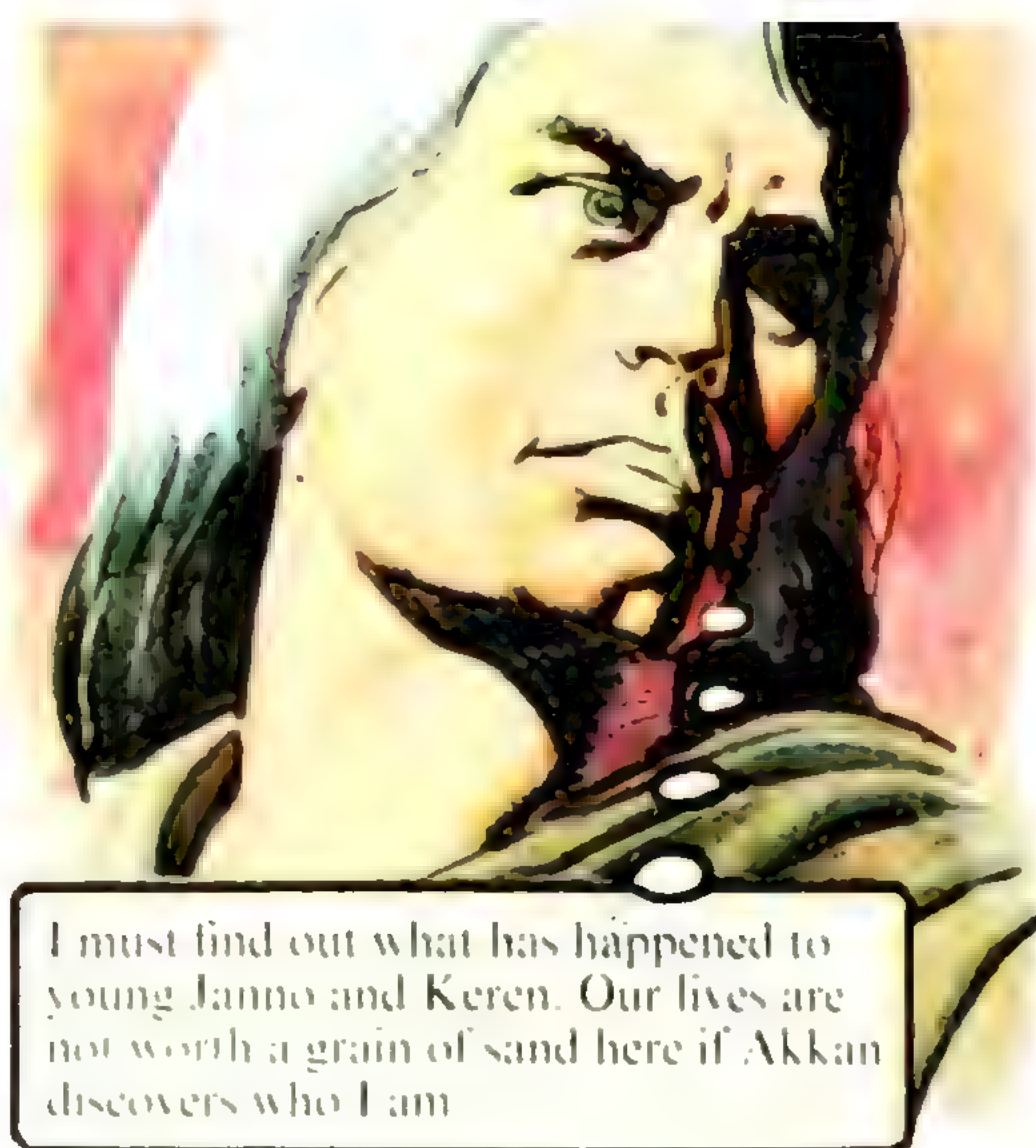
Trigo's secret was safe . .  
For a short while!





When the twin suns of the planet Flekton rose in the morning sky, Akkan and his officers slept amongst the remains of the previous night's feast. Trigo rose to his feet and looked at them in utter contempt.

'Animals' — and to think they plan to take over the Trigan Empire!



I must find out what has happened to young Janno and Keren. Our lives are not worth a grain of sand here if Akkan discovers who I am.



Out on the battlements of the citadel, Trigo overheard two guards jesting together.

I wonder how those two young sprigs are faring down in the dungeon.

Wishing they were back in Trigan city, I shouldn't wonder. But a few more days without food will see an end to all their troubles.



One of the guards passed on his way, leaving his comrade alone. He was not alone for long!

AAAAAAH!

Quiet! The next sound you make will be your last!



Lead the way to the dungeon! move!

The terrified guard led him down steep steps to the heart of the mountain below the citadel.

This is it

The flat of the guard's own sword blade laid him low.





He found keys at the unconscious man's belt and opened the door . . . to see his nephew and Keren manacled to the dank wall.

JANNO!

It can't be Uncle!

Trigo freed them from their chains. Keren was unconscious with hunger and fatigue.

Uncle! I didn't fail you . . . I swear it!

I know that now, Janno. All three of us have walked into a den of wild beasts, and for the sake of the empire, we've got to get out of here!

They made their way back up to the citadel.

Where is your atmosphere craft?

It was destroyed, Uncle!

They reached the battlements to find that the alarm was already being raised!

Where is your comrade?

He was here when I came past a short while ago, sir!

Now we're trapped!

And then . . . Akkan swayed out of the hall, blinking in the bright sunshine, and bellowed furiously.

Trigo and his young companions were in a tight corner, but worse was to follow. Swooping low over the mountain crest, a small bird headed straight for the citadel . . .

It fluttered on to the battlements, and one of the guards picked it up.

It's carrying a message!

Where's that musician? . . . find him, curse you! . . . I want to hear him play again!

The message was from a spy in Trigan city, informing Akkan that the strolling musician was none other than the Emperor Trigo!





Snatching the message from the guard's hand, Akkan read it . . .

*By all the stars!*

What does it say, Akkan?



*Trigo is in our midst! . . . Here in Zabriz! . . . He is the musician! . . . Find him, you fools! Find him!*



The guards raced to do their Leader's bidding . . . and as they passed close to where the three lay hidden, young Keren recovered consciousness and groaned loudly!

*Uuuuugh!*

No, Keren . . . No!



The guards heard . . . and halted in their tracks.

*There he is!*

*And he's not alone!*



Trigo leapt into action, calling to his nephew . . .

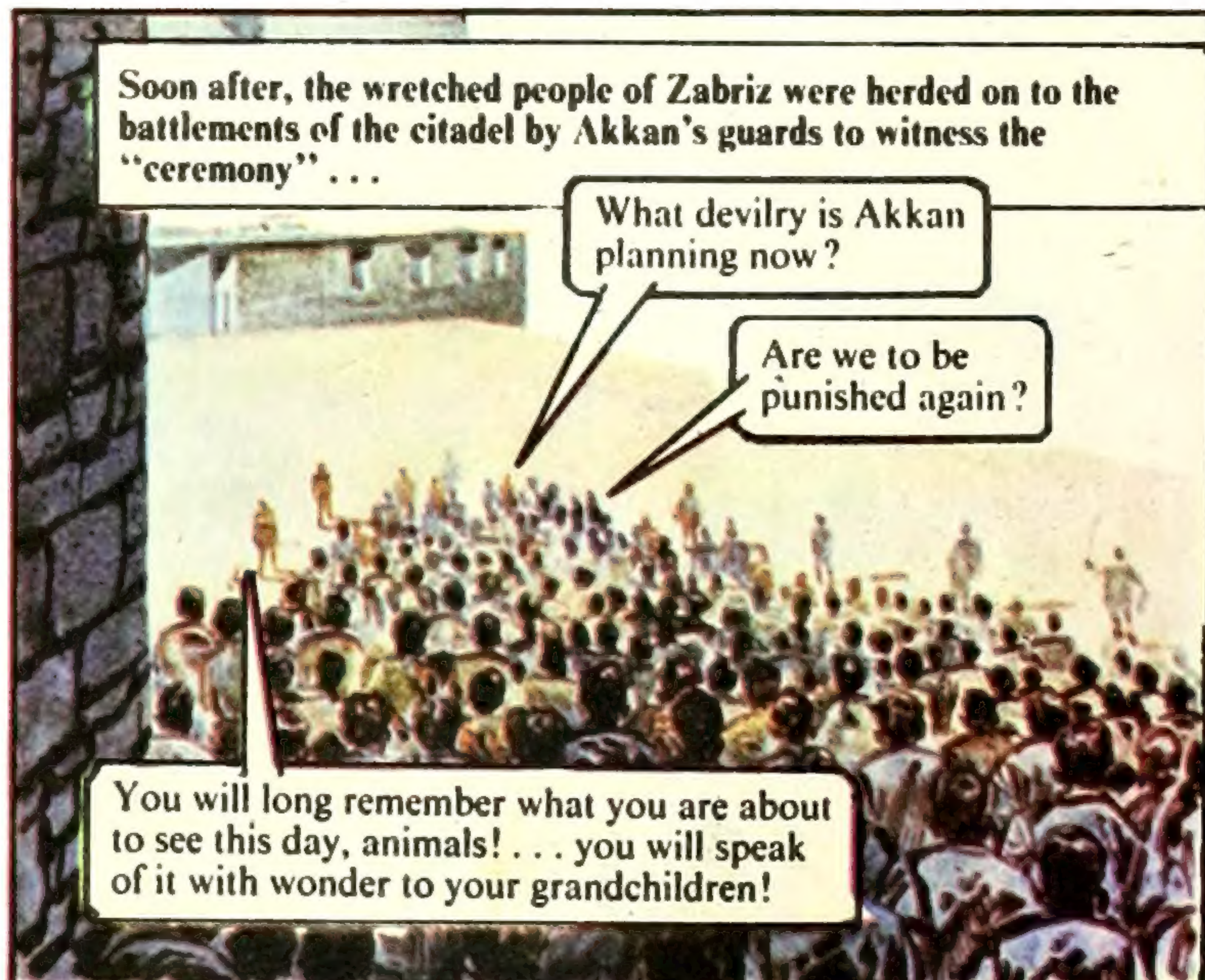
After me, Janno . . . seize a sword for yourself and fight for your life!

*Aaaaagh!*

The two fought bravely, but it was a hopeless struggle. Minutes later, they were overpowered and dragged before the gloating Akkan.



Greetings, your Imperial Majesty! If I had known it was you, I would have received you with great ceremony last night . . . but it is not too late . . . the ceremony shall take place right away! . . . A ceremony of greeting and farewell!



Soon after, the wretched people of Zabriz were herded on to the battlements of the citadel by Akkan's guards to witness the "ceremony" . . .

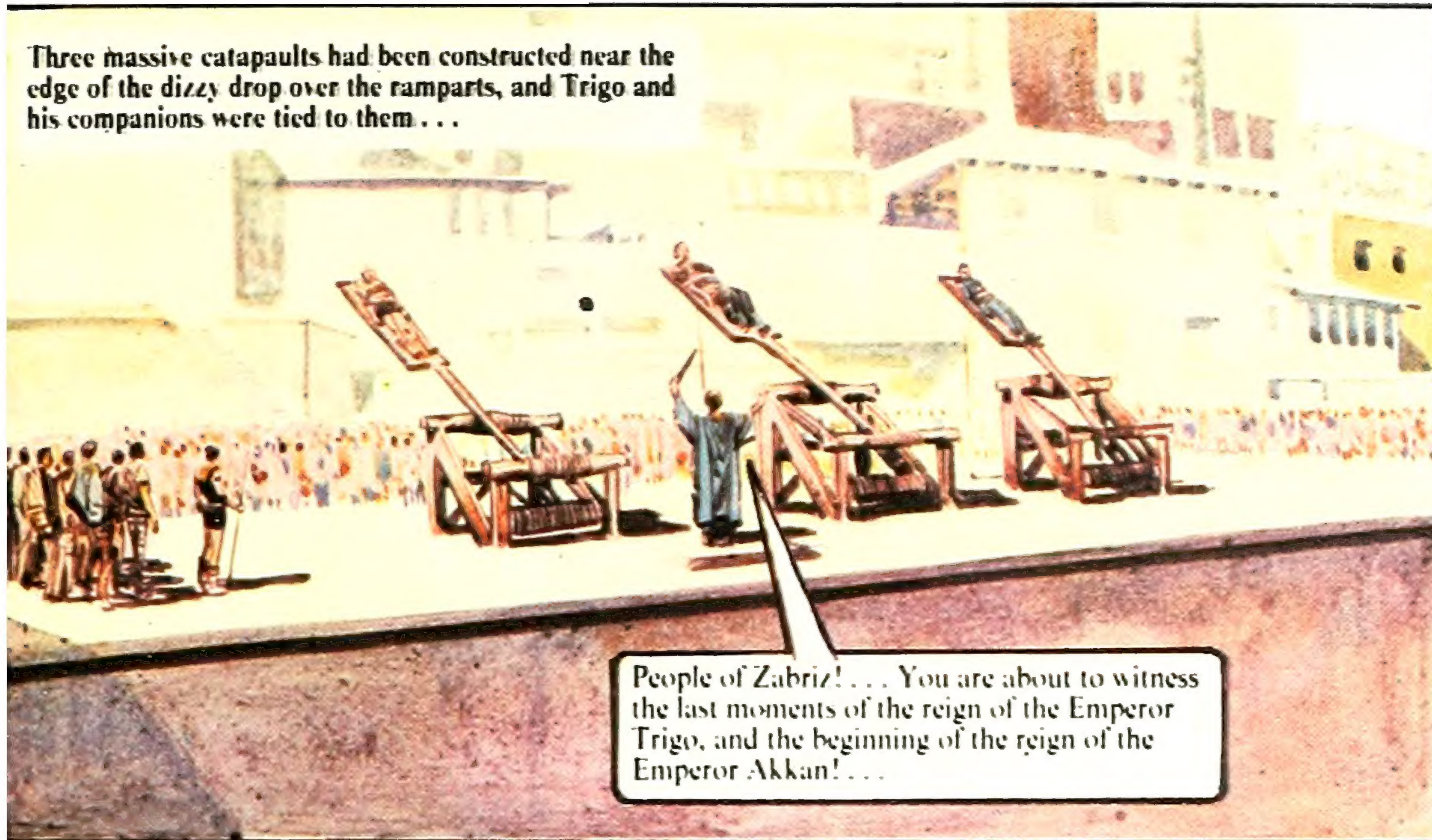
What devilry is Akkan planning now?

Are we to be punished again?

You will long remember what you are about to see this day, animals! . . . you will speak of it with wonder to your grandchildren!



Three massive catapults had been constructed near the edge of the dizzy drop over the ramparts, and Trigo and his companions were tied to them . . .



People of Zabriz! . . . You are about to witness the last moments of the reign of the Emperor Trigo, and the beginning of the reign of the Emperor Akkan! . . .

Akkan's sword was raised to sever the rope and send Trigo to his doom on the rocks below . . . and then Trigo's voice rang out, thrillingly . . .



*This is your last chance, people of Zabriz! . . . If I go, you will remain slaves for ever!*

A blade was already descending when a stone knocked the sword from Akkan's numbed hand!



Instantly, the crowd surged forward, scattering the guards . . . and a knife slashed through Trigo's bonds.



There was a brief and furious fight near the edge of the drop . . .



Forcing his way through the press of battling men, Trigo looked about him for Akkan . . . and then he saw the treacherous officer . . .



Akkan! . . . I call on you to surrender!

Never!

Trigo followed his quarry along the perilous ledge . . . and then he saw his danger . . .



Farewell . . . Imperial Majesty!



As Akkan fired the pistol, Trigo ducked . . . and the charge smashed the stonework to powder above his head.



Akkan pressed the trigger again . . . but the pistol was empty . . .



Ach! . . . ten thousand curses!

Hurling the weapon into the abyss, he reached for a handhold and hauled himself up from the ledge.



Surrender, Akkan . . . and I promise you a fair trial when you get back to Trigan City!

Never! . . .  
Never!

Trigo followed his quarry up the sheer face of the citadel . . . and then he saw his peril . . .



He pressed himself flat against the ancient wall . . . and felt the wind of its passing, like the wings of the angel of death.



Akkan bared his teeth in a grin of fierce triumph as he reached for another stone . . .



Look your last upon the sky, mighty Emperor! . . .  
*This time I shall not miss!*

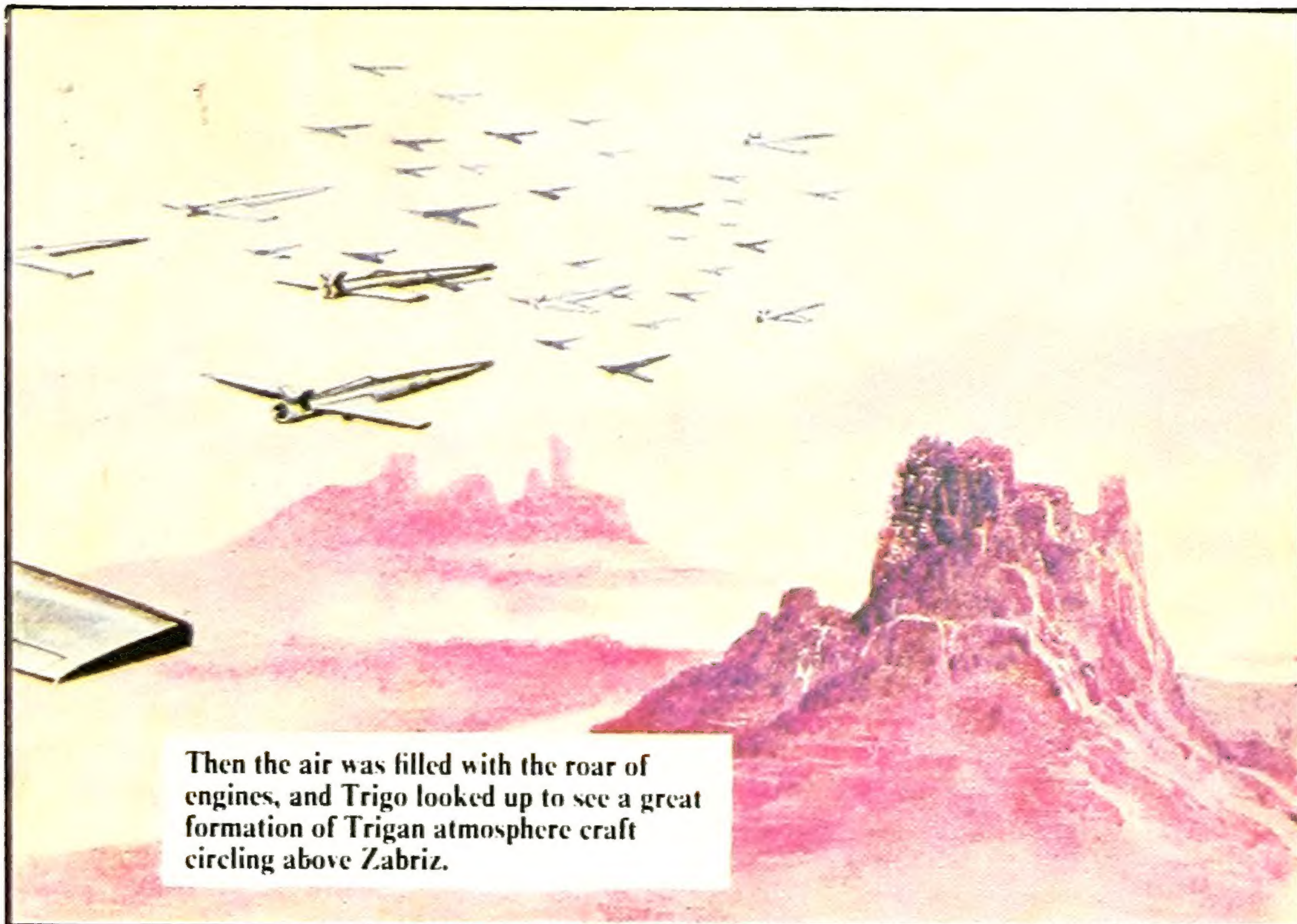
Then . . . a frightened squawk and a flutter of wings . . . and Akkan was clutching at the empty air . . . It was the harmless Wedon bird that sealed the fate of the tyrant of Zabriz!



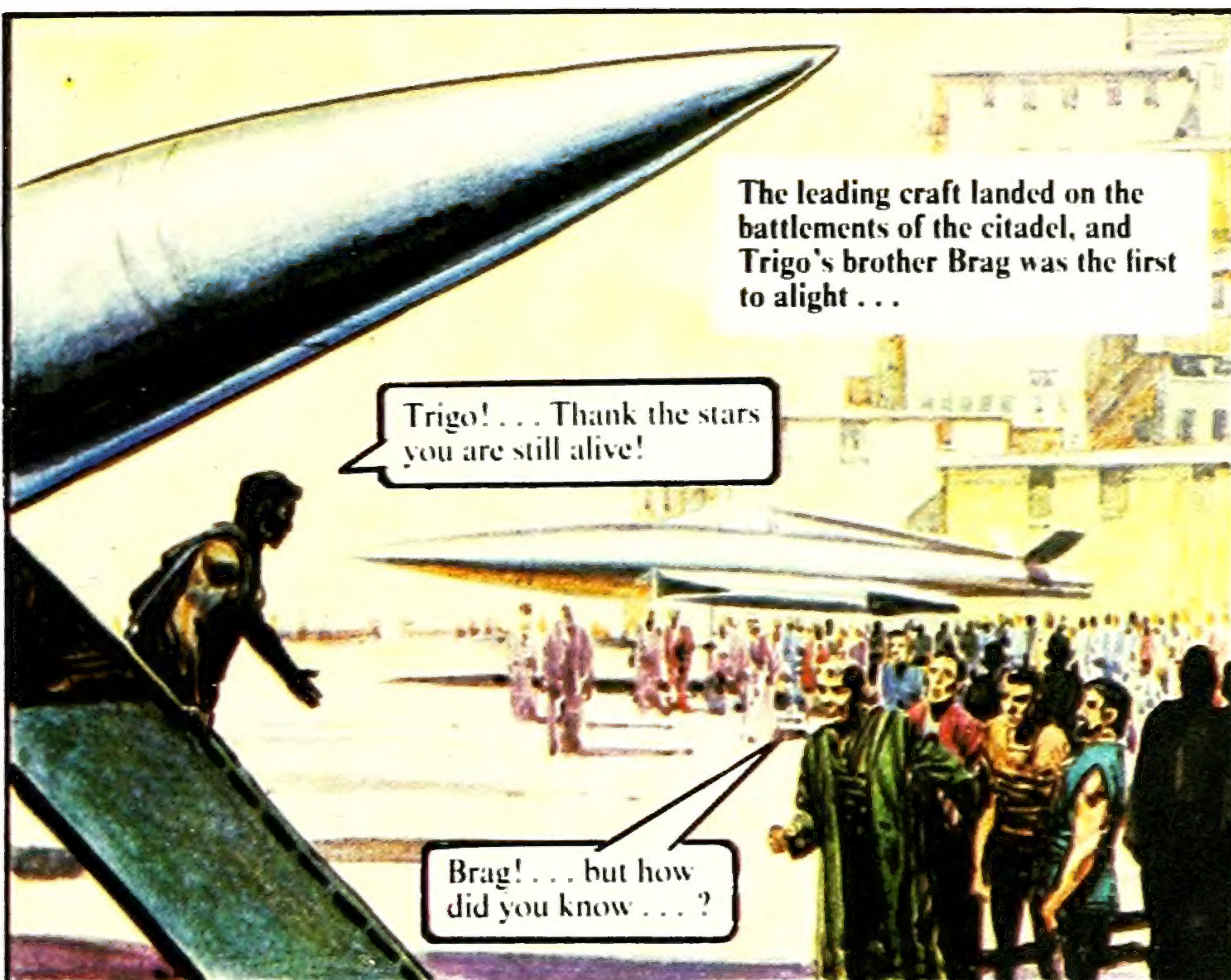




He has paid the price for his crimes!



Then the air was filled with the roar of engines, and Trigo looked up to see a great formation of Trigan atmosphere craft circling above Zabriz.



The leading craft landed on the battlements of the citadel, and Trigo's brother Brag was the first to alight . . .

Trigo! . . . Thank the stars you are still alive!

Brag! . . . but how did you know . . . ?

Brag explained . . .

We caught a spy in Trigan City . . . one of your own officers . . . he confessed to having sent a message by Wedon bird to Akkan.

Akkan received the message only a short while ago, and the boys and I would be lying at the foot of the cliff by now if it had not been for the bravery of the faithful people of Zabriz!



Trigo addressed the people of Zabriz in a ringing voice.

From now on you will no longer be slaves, but free people with the right to rule yourselves, as citizens of the Trigan Empire!

Long live the Emperor Trigo!

Later that day, the Air Fleet took off for the return journey to Trigan City. As they circled for the last time over the citadel, young Janno looked down . . .



Farewell, Zabriz . . . may I never set eyes on you again!

Trigo glanced at his young nephew . . . and smiled . . .

You should be grateful to Zabriz, Janno . . . you learnt a lesson there . . . a lesson in the art of ruling that will stand you in good stead when you become the Emperor of Trigan!

